IronWatch

March 2015–Issue 32

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"Skolo"
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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A Message from the Editor

Welcome back to another thrilling issue of the IRONWATCH!

As of this publication, the Infestation Kickstarter is blowing up! This looks to be just as good if not better than the original Deadzone kickstarter, and I know I'm particularly smitten by those lovely jetbikes…

Continuing from last month, we're fiddling around with the layout and formatting of the magazine so please let us know what you think. We can only make it more to your liking if you tell us what you'd like the magazine to look like!

Don't forget to keep the articles coming, and for those of you anxious about space constraints, we are accepting of articles of any size; If it's big, we can always split it into release over the course of several issues.

Thanks for reading and welcome to the Watch!
-Austin

Correction: Andre Kritzinger's Kingdoms of Men units were Pike Phalanxes, and not Polearm Regiments as described. Sorry Andre!

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners. All rights are reserved to their respective owners.

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The Iron Forge

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have:

- Boston Miniatures, with a Mars Attacks flying Saucer showing off a fiery customized base as well as a Mars Attacks game in-progress
- Geoff Burbidge, with an imposing Deadzone Enforcer Strider, magnetized to swap out weapons and pilots, and a sleek Dreadball Sphyr team
- Marcel Popik, and his array of pulpy Mars Attacks Human Heroes, Giant Bugs, and terrain.

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to ironwatchmagazine.@gmail.com. Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

LOKA Ice King by Paul Scott

ADAM MORROW

I decided to knock out more of my Mercenaries for Deadzone, and now these six are all done. They're jungle-based like the rest of my factions, and varying colors hopefully at home in the imagined environment.

Adam Morrow

The Chovar Psychic was one of the more fun ones of the bunch, opting for more of a colorful "alien" look as opposed to more blues and purples like the default that hint towards a more aquatic look. Nastanza is easily my personal favorite of the bunch, with lots of little details.

Could not think of a great alternate color scheme for the Helfather, at least one that would suit my table besides "more green", but I felt his red contrasted well with everything. Hope you enjoyed, perhaps I'll finally have my "Dr. Simmonds" done for the next issue, then I'll be done with all of my Mercenaries.

BOSTON MINIATURES

BOSTON MINIATURES

BOSTON MINIATURES

BOSTON MINIATURES

GEOFF BURBIDGE

Geoff Burbidge

GEOFF BURBIDGE

Geoff Burbidge

MARCEŁ POPIK

MARCEŁ POPIK

MARCEŁ POPIK

Mantic Calendar

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or email us with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

April

4/12 **Clash of Kings 2015 Welsh Regional**

£9.99 per person

9:30 AM—5:15 PM

Join our Clash of Kings UK regional tournaments and lead your Kings of War army to glory. Battle against the best in our one day tournament and take home the ultimate prize – a Tyrant Trophy and a free ticket to the final!

Firestorm Games, Cardiff - The South Wales Gaming Centre, 15 Trade Street, Penarth Road, Cardiff, CF10 5DT, Wales, United Kingdom

4/17 **Kings of War at OHCon**

$15 per person.

Registration begins at 4 PM, and the first game begins at 5 PM.

This Kings of War tournament will consist of three rounds of 1500 point battles.

Ramada Toledo Conference Center
3536 Secor Road
Toledo, Ohio 43606, USA

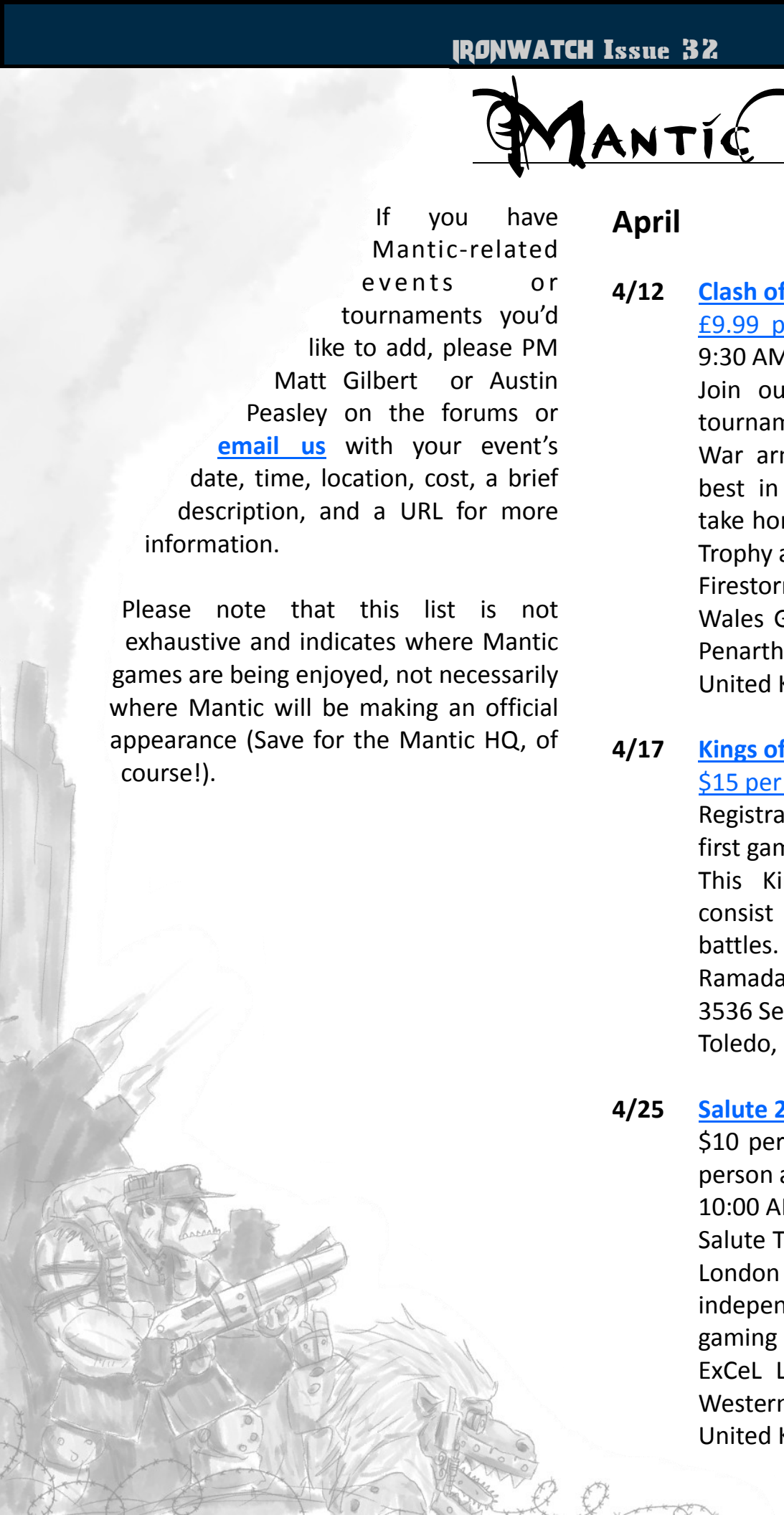
4/25 **Salute 2015**

$10 per person if pre-ordered, $15 per person at the door

10:00 AM—5:00 PM

Salute Twenty Fifteen, run by The South London Warlords, is the biggest independent one-day wargaming and gaming event in the UK

ExCeL London, Royal Victoria Dock, 1 Western Gateway, London E16 1XL, United Kingdom



Mantic Calendar

May

5/1 **Dreadball at Cincycon**

$15 per person for single-day badges, $20 per person for weekend badges.

Begins in the 'Evening' time slot

Come and play in the Hyper-kinetic sports game of the future. A 3 round tournament, using any teams from seasons 1-4.

Cincycon - Butler County Fairgrounds, 1715 Fairgrounds Avenue Hamilton, OH 45011 , USA

5/2 **Kings of War at Cincycon**

$15 per person for single-day badges, $20 per person for weekend badges.

Begins in the 'Morning' time slot

Crush your enemies in the battle for Mantica. 1500 pt, 3 round tournament. Can you prove your skill before the new rule set comes out?

Cincycon - Butler County Fairgrounds, 1715 Fairgrounds Avenue Hamilton, OH 45011 , USA

5/9 **Kings of War Regional Tournament Madrid**

€12 per person

One day, three rounds. 1600 points 24-30 attendants. Register by 4/30

Club Séptimo Grado, Calle San Antonio de la Florida 3, Local, Leganés Madrid 28917, España

Basilean Paladin Troop by Andre Kritzinger

Mantic Calendar

Mars Attacks Martians by Grant Mahoney

5/10 [Clash of Kings 2015 Southern Regional]
£9.99 per person
9:30 AM—5:15 PM
Join our Clash of Kings UK regional tournaments and lead your Kings of War army to glory. Battle against the best in our one day tournament and take home the ultimate prize – a Tyrant Trophy and a free ticket to the final!
Brighton Warlords, Brighton - 13-17 Marlborough Place, Brighton, East Sussex, BN1 1UB, United Kingdom

5/23 [Kings of War at Nashcon]
6:00 AM—2:00 PM
1000 pt, no unique individuals. Tournament pack and details will be available at link above.
Franklin Marriott Cool Springs 700 Cool Springs Blvd. Franklin, Tennessee 37067, USA

Mantic Calendar

5/23 [Dreadball at Nashcon]
3:00 PM—9:00 PM
3 round Dreadball tournament. Season 1-4 teams. Full details will be available at link above.
Franklin Marriott Cool Springs 700 Cool Springs Blvd. Franklin, Tennessee 37067, USA

June

6/3-6/7 [Origins]
[$20 ($15 if preordered) for single-day]
[$65 ($55 if preordered) or full show]
Dreadball Tournament from 1 PM to 9 PM on 5/5.
Kings of War 1500 pt, 3 round Tournament from 1 PM to 9 PM on 5/6.
Huge gaming convention, with 15 Kings of War events, including a Mega Battle and 1500 pt tournament.
Greater Columbus Convention Center, 400 N High St, Columbus, OH 43215, United States

Deadzone Plague force by Nicodemus Sandberg

Mantic Calendar

Undead Wight King on horse by "imm0rtal reaper"

6/14 **Clash of Kings 2015 Northern Regional**

£9.99 per person

9:30 AM—5:30 PM

Join our Clash of Kings UK regional tournaments and lead your Kings of War army to glory. Battle against the best in our one day tournament and take home the ultimate prize – a Tyrant Trophy and a free ticket to the final!

North-West Gaming Centre, Stockport - 1st Floor, Hallam Business Centre, Hallam Street, Stockport, SK2 6PT

Q&A WITH MANTIC

Organized by Matt Gilbert

The Mantic Q&A feature contains questions from the community via the forum, answered by Mantic Games. If you want to ask a question, you can on the Mantic Blog.

Will the metal Deadzone add-on figures like the Sorak Swordspawn, Enforcer with thermal rifle, Marauder alternate head / arm bits, Plague Enforcer with Experimental weapon, Asterian Pulse Bombard, and Deadzone Dead figures be made available again at some point, or have they become unofficial "kickstarter exclusive" one-offs? If there are no plans to make them again, is there a limited back stock that Mantic fans could place orders for?

We have no plans to release them via retail and they will remain unofficial Kickstarter exclusive for now.

As halflings entered the word of Mantica via Dungeon Saga, will they show up also in KoW 2nd edition? For example as part of Kingdoms of Men armylist or as some kind of universal allies?

No.

We've seen quite a bit of sci-fi terrain released. Are there any plans for fantasy terrain in the works?

It's something we would love to do in the future. Fantasy Deadzone is something that has been kicking around. What do you think?

Is there any chance we will see officially released books filled with scenarios that do not necessarily focus on destroying your enemy? How about scenarios that place one army at a significant disadvantage in terms of the size of their force?

Lots of battles, for instance The Battle of Wizna in WWII, The Battle of Thermopylae in ancient times, and the Battle of Ia Drang during the American campaign in the Vietnam War, are great examples. We already have a varied amount of scenarios but we are always looking to release more

Q&A WITH MANTIC

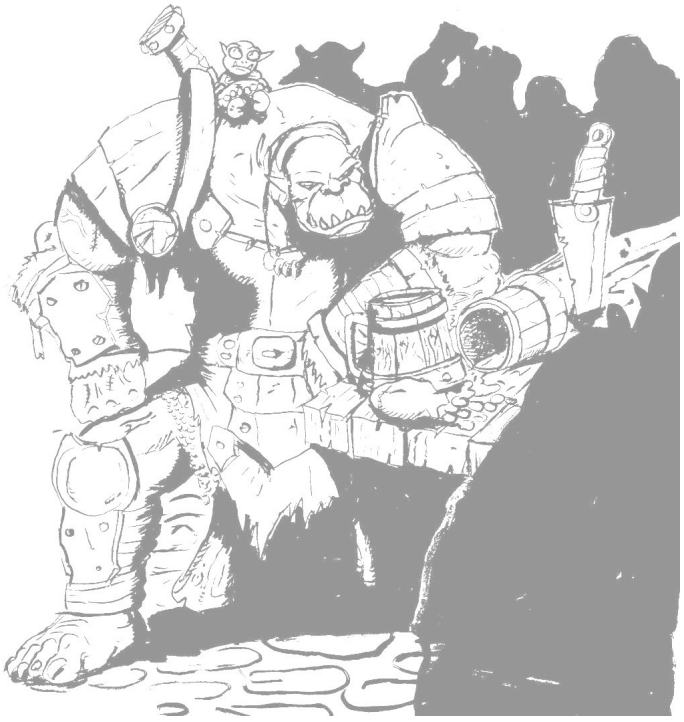
Undead Skeleton Regiment by Jim Kew

Has Mantic's rapid growth provided any particular problems that you could not have predicted? If so, what and how did you handle them?

As with any company that rapidly grows we have encountered out fair share of hurdles. The only way to really resolve them is with a ton of hard work, long hours and commitment.

Will we get to see all the new sculpts for the KoW2 KS before the survey ends?

I'd really like to be able to make an informed decision. Unfortunately no. It's not humanly possible to sculpt all the new miniatures before the kickstarter ends. The more support we get the more new miniatures appear as stretch goals!



The Battle of Gawick upon Tibble

By John Cousen

Editor's Note: This is a battle report using the scenario "The Trouble at Gawick upon Tibble" from Issue 30

As the orcs advanced towards the new elven watchtower, the elf garrison hastily assembled on the slopes in front and desperately blew their horns. Would help come in time?

In the village Rolf gathered his militia and prepared them for the day ahead. Doubt assailed his mind; if the orcs were here just to destroy the elf tower might it not be better to let them do it and hope they would be ignored? Perhaps even helping the orcs was the right course?

In response to the distress call a troop of scouts edged onto the field of battle, remaining largely hidden by the woods. These same woods seemed to come alive and the sylvan kin strode forth ready to defend their homes whilst the Knights of the Pale Court trotted through the gap between the woods.

Rolf pondered the situation. Helping the elves may well bring future orcish retribution down on his village. He held up his hand, staying the more impulsive members of his command.

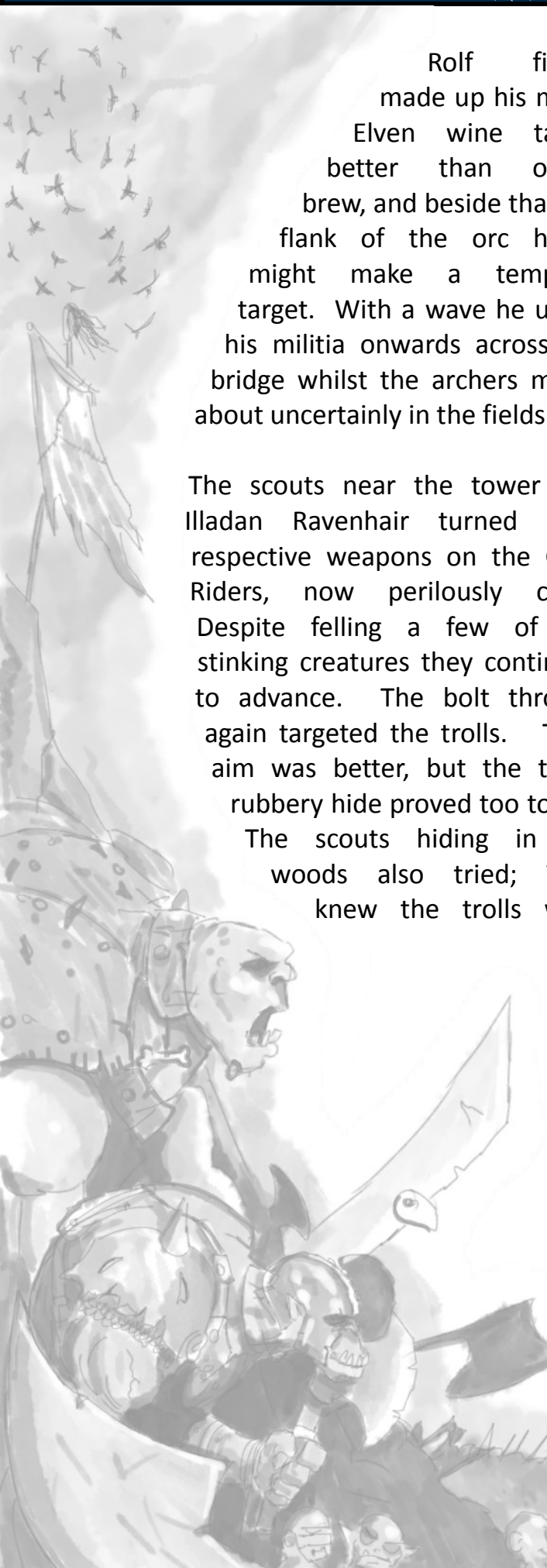
With a rumble the orcish army advanced, all except the remaining sniffs who targeted the Knights of the Pale Court. There was a cheer as many of their black arrows hit the mark, but it turned to groans as the elven armour proved too tough to pierce. Origble was similarly disappointed when the magic bow he carried failed to hit his elven opposite.

Near the river a troop of archers advanced towards the battle, while the elf mage, Eritas the Scribe, rode in near the tower, accompanying two teams dragging war machines across the plain. Then with a shriek and a flap of leathery wings, a Dracon bearing the elven lord Caldereff Goldenhelm landed close to the cavalry.

Near the watchtower the elven garrison scouts levelled their bows at the advancing sniffs. The canny orcs hunkered down behind the fence and jeered at the frustrated elves, but Illadan Ravenhair, the elven army standard bearer, pointed his magic wand at them and blew them away.

On top of the watchtower the bolt thrower crew wound back their mighty bow and loosed bolts at the advancing trolls, but their aim was off and the bolts thudded into the turf. Determined to do better, the newly arrived scouts took aim at the sniffs opposite and wounded a few of them.

Rolf watched the orcs advance. So far they were ignoring the village, intent only on the watchtower. Perhaps he could wait this out and remain neutral.



Rolf finally made up his mind. Elven wine tastes better than orcish brew, and beside that the flank of the orc horde might make a tempting target. With a wave he urged his militia onwards across the bridge whilst the archers milled about uncertainly in the fields.

The scouts near the tower and Illadan Ravenhair turned their respective weapons on the Gore Riders, now perilously close. Despite felling a few of the stinking creatures they continued to advance. The bolt thrower again targeted the trolls. Their aim was better, but the troll's rubbery hide proved too tough. The scouts hiding in the woods also tried; They knew the trolls were strong enough to bring the tower down if they got the chance, but their nervousness affected their aim and the arrows fell wide of the mark.

Eritas brought his magick down on the sniffs, but they shrugged. What were a few more casualties to such lowly creatures as they? They knew their place, and it was to die in battle for Goreax's cause. (Double 1 nerve check).

Determined to show how it should be done, the elf lord goaded his mount into breathing fire at the oncoming horde, though disappointingly few orcs succumbed, being quickly booted out of the ranks before the fires spread. The scouts in the woods felled a few more orcs and the archers near the river generally waved the bows around in a threatening, but unproductive manner. Unsurprisingly the orcs held. (Another double 1 nerve test).

The Warbow of Kaba proved useless in Origble's hands but Thrax used his magic charm to heal some of the burned horde. Meanwhile, the rest of the orc army thundered onwards, crashing into the elven line where it could.

Near the tower the Gore Riders rode straight over the elven scouts, leaving nothing but twitching elven corpses in their wake. They turned to face the elven spears, snarling "You're next, sonny!"

The trolls were desperate to get to grips with the sylvan kin. Perhaps they wished to prove the superiority of their rocky bodies over the kin's wood? Regardless they were unable to even scratch the bark on their foes. The sniffs jostled around the Dracon's feet, desperately trying, and failing, to get through its scaly hide.

The Horde proved more efficient, smashing into the Knights of the Pale Court and bringing down many of their number. The Knights wavered, not quite broken, but sufficiently damaged to make them pause. In frustration the orcs realised that this left them open to the villagers now advancing on their flank.

More elven re-enforcements came streaming onto the field of battle as Illadan Ravenhair once more used his wand on Origble. Nursing a gash across his chest the plucky orc had second thoughts about advancing and decided to remain where he was for a while. The bolt thrower crew in the tower realised the giant was a threat to them, so targeted him, but did little more than a scratch.

The scouts hiding in the wood shot at the Krudgehorde, but were unable to hit a target several sizes larger than the average barn. Eritas the Scribe used his magicks to hurt them a little, however, and then called on the power of Myrdin's amulet, and some of the downed Knights of the Pale Court got back up to join the fight.

The elven spear phalanx charged into the greataxes and skewered many orcs on their weapons. Some of the orcs remained, but the fight had been beaten out of them for the moment. The elven luck continued to improve

as with a whipping of branches and thrashing of limbs the Sylvan Kin tore the trolls apart. The Dracon was similarly effective against the annoying sniffs, trampling the last of them into the blackened mud.

The Human militia proved less effective, despite hitting the orc horde in the vulnerable flank. Not even their much heralded war hero, Rolf, was able to hurt the orcs. The elf archers however, forsaking bow for sword, did manage to slay a few.

As the orcs advanced where possible, Thrax once more soothed the wounds of the orc horde. Goading his huge Slasher into the elf spears near the watchtower, Goreax brought several of them down, but they had been trained well and stood their ground. Taking the place of the trolls, the Krudgehorde smashed into the Sylvan Kin. Despite much chopping of wooden limbs the fey creatures stayed rooted to the spot. Angered by the Knights of the Pale Court's persistence, the horde once more charged them. Despite felling most of the elves, the few survivors refused to flee (another double 1 nerve test).

At the watchtower the giant smashed his club into its timbers which groaned in protest. The gore riders used their gore's heads as living battering rams and cracked a few more timbers, but it would need a lot more of this treatment to bring the tower down.

Illadan Ravenhair once more wounded Origble, but he seemed resigned to this and snarled his defiance. Atop the watchtower the bolt thrower crew experimented with aiming at the enemy milling around the foot of the tower, but they were too close to present a target, so the elves shot at the approaching Moreax, missing by a wide mark. The giant had failed to appreciate the danger posed by the strange wheeled cart thing the elves were pushing. When the Dragon Breath scorched him, and the elf mage flung magic at him, he decided to change targets.

Meanwhile, the Dracon spewed gouts of flame over Thrax, who prepared to run. Then, looking up at the proud (and burnt) flag he was carrying, he changed his mind. He would stand, if it was the last thing he did (double 1 nerve test again on the Inspiring reroll). The elven spears scratched Goreax's Slasher slightly, drawing a grunt of amusement form the

grizzled orc. He would let his mount feed on their broken bodies soon enough. The Sylvan Kin and the elf scouts proved more effective against the Krudgehorde, but there were still many more orcs to kill, they would not be breaking soon. Near the village the Knights of the Pale Court and archers charged the horde, Rolf also led his militia into their flank. Between them they finally dragged the last orc down and prepared to take on the rest of the orc line.

The Krudgehorde smashed into the Sylvan Kin causing enough damage to halt them briefly. In a desperate gamble Thrax charged the few remaining Knights of the Pale Court. The gamble paid off and the Knights were destroyed fleeing back into the woods.

The giant switched his attention to the Dragon Breath. He was unable to destroy it, but caused sufficient damage to prevent it firing soon. Meanwhile the Gore Riders continued to batter at the Watchtower, damaging it some more, but being unable to bring it down. Goreax and Origble charged into the elven spears, destroying them and giving the Slasher its promised snack. The Moreax ran straight over Illadan Ravenhair, barely pausing to hack at the remains of his body as they dashed toward the elven forests beyond.

Thrax vanished under a hail of arrows, bolts and magic as the elves took revenge for the Knights of the Pale Court. Eritas was less successful targeting the giant as he didn't even notice his attempts.

Elven Spearmen Troop by Paul Mitchell

The human troops moved towards the Krudgehorde, if they could get there, they may manage another flank charge. Determined to deny them this prize, the Dracon charged the flank while the elf scouts attacked the front. Attacked on two fronts many orcs fell, the fight briefly knocked out of the survivors. The spear phalanx facing the Greataxes charged in again. This time their attack was enough to wipe out the orcs.

Much of the orc army was now dead or fleeing, for little cost to the elves, but that would mean nothing if the orcs destroyed the tower and escaped into the woods beyond.

Origble led the Moreax into the elven woods. Soon the beleaguered garrison could hear the noise of ax on tree and squeals of orcish glee.

Goreax surveyed the battle field. There were precious few orcs remaining and a lot of angry elves heading his way. Still, if he could just get this tower down he would consider the day a victory.

The giant swung his mighty club, knocking the Dragon Breath clean off the hill. The Gore Riders and Goreax continued to hack at the tower. Only a matter of time, unless the elves could stop them.

The elven commander realised his efforts on the plain might be in vain. The tower was swaying perilously, unless he could stop them the orcs might bring it down with a couple more blows.

Eritas gestured towards the giant, causing him some pain and discomfort, but insufficient to truly trouble him. The

archers too tried their best, but he seemed too stupid to realise any danger. (Another double one nerve test).

The Dracon rider flew up and over the Krudgehorde. He was more needed near the tower. He brought his beast down and into the flank of the Gore Riders, despite his efforts they held, they weren't going to let Goreax see them flee.

The Krudgehorde was the last remaining orc unit on the plain; as such the elves hit it with everything they had. With the help of Rolf and his militia they put the final orc to the sword, or spiky branch, and cleared the valley of orc troops.

The combined efforts of the giant, Goreax and the Gore riders brought the tower crashing down. It had been a hard fought battle and Goreax had sacrificed many proud warriors to win the day, but his troops now had the run of the sacred elven woods. Doubtless other orcs would flock here once word spread.

The elves held the field, but theirs was no victory. The greenskin invaders had destroyed their watchtower, the main defence against further attacks, and who knew how any of them were rampaging through the sacred forest, or what damage they would cause?

The only bit of good news came when a patrol brought back Illadan Ravenhair, not dead as was feared, but merely injured. Despite his wounds he was determined to fight again.

Meanwhile, out on the plain the orc's tattered flag twitched. Beneath it, saved perhaps by the mystic energies of his healing charm, Thrax slowly snuck off the battlefield to join his Krudger.

This was a great battle, fought in a friendly spirit and decided by the last throw of the dice on the last turn. This sets us up nicely for a return game as the orcs go rampaging through the forest: What allies can the elves summon to help them?▪

Abyssal Dwarf Blacksouls Troop by Grant Mahoney

Dungeon Crawlers

By Richard Rimington

Chapter 1

Stars twinkled high in the night sky as three figures, two tall and one short, silently approached the wide cavern entrance. As they stepped inside, traces of moonlight crept through behind them to reveal the ghostly outlines of carved stone blocks and bundles of scrap scattered across the interior.

“We’ll need some light in here,” said Belizor. “I’ll take care of it,” he said. There was a pause. “Be ready if something comes at us.”

There was a dwarven grunt in response.

With a soft gaseous pop, an orange flame burst into life at end of Belizor’s staff, throwing a warm and flickering light across the huge cavern to reveal sides that stretched away into shadow and a high chiselled roof far above them. The sight that greeted them was not pleasant. “Well,” said Belizor. “At least none of them are moving, I suppose,”

The sweeping chamber was filled with the abandoned detritus from countless generations of crude occupants, mixed with the collapsed masonry of a finer, older craft. Dead bodies were slumped across most surfaces, several dozen at the very least, their ribs and skulls visible through their withered flesh.

There was a frantic scuttling noise from all around that Belizor sincerely hoped was rats. He jabbed at a corpse with his staff. “Does anyone need some…” he kneeled down to examine the body closer. “Well, no actually. He doesn’t really have anything...”

Lyrian the elf sneered in a gesture of contempt and reflexively flicked his long hair. “Bandits,” growled Rockfist. He marched forward several steps and began stamping on a body. “They’re not getting up.”

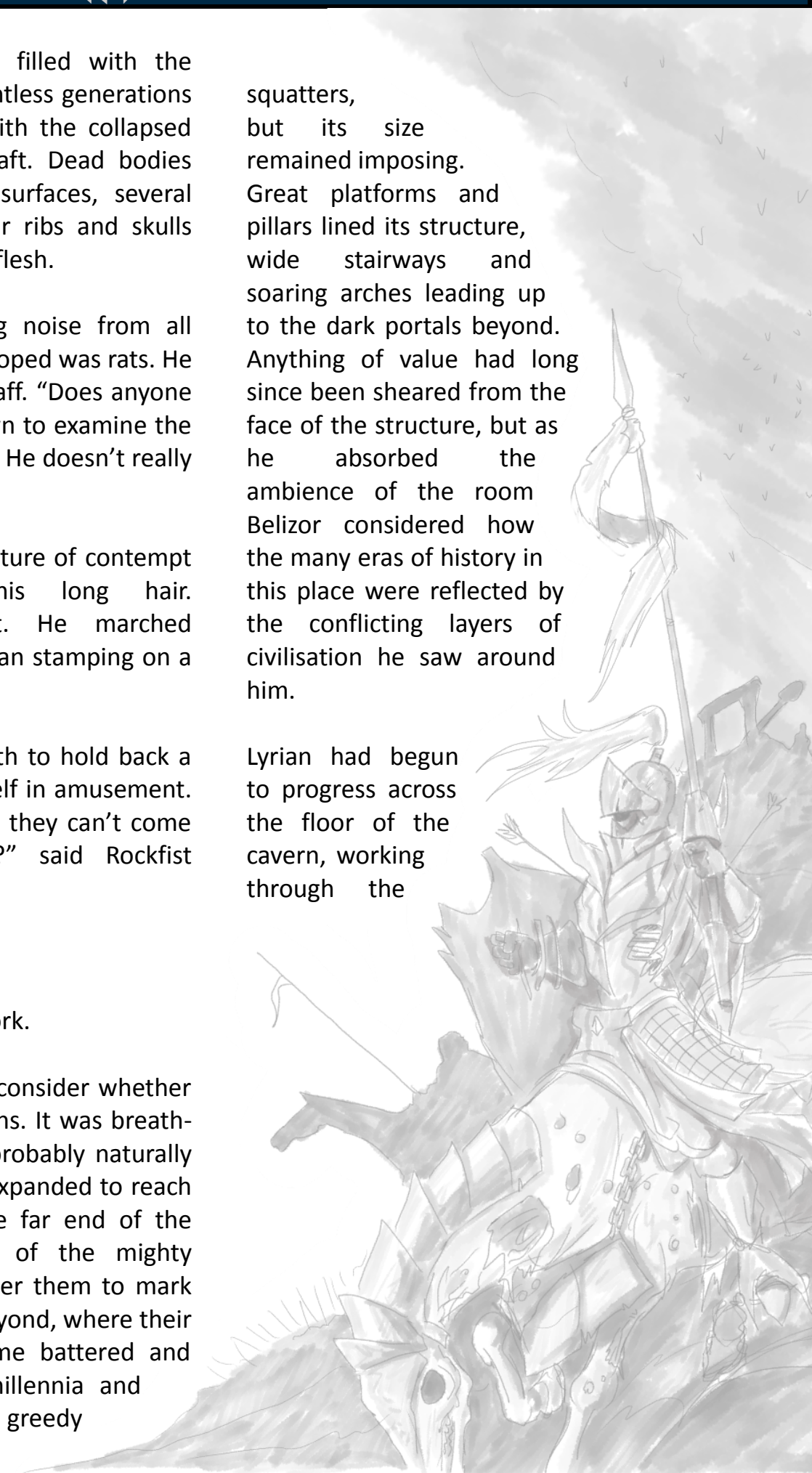
Belizor saw Lyrian grit his teeth to hold back a response, and smiled to himself in amusement. “Shall we smash them up? So they can’t come back later and bother us?” said Rockfist earnestly.

“If you want…” said Belizor.

Rockfist immediately got to work.

Belizor stood up and tried to consider whether the cavern met his expectations. It was breath-taking in size, the core of it probably naturally occurring but over the years expanded to reach its current magnitude. At the far end of the chamber stood the towers of the mighty dwarven gateway, looming over them to mark the entrance into the holds beyond, where their destination lay. It had become battered and broken by the passing of millennia and scavenged for materials by greedy squatters, but its size remained imposing. Great platforms and pillars lined its structure, wide stairways and soaring arches leading up to the dark portals beyond. Anything of value had long since been sheared from the face of the structure, but as he absorbed the ambience of the room Belizor considered how the many eras of history in this place were reflected by the conflicting layers of civilisation he saw around him.

Lyrian had begun to progress across the floor of the cavern, working through the



Undead Skeleton Regiment by "left64"

thick mess of junk in his path, and Belizor hurried to join him.

"What do you make of this?" Belizor whispered.

"What is there to make of it?" Lyrian muttered back coldly.

"Well, what about these people?"

Lyrian rolled his eyes. "Bandits of your kind rarely live long, in my experience."

This room had definitely been a major settlement, Belizor realised. The remains of tents and campfires, even dirty washing and personal possessions lay tramped across the floor around them where the bandits had lived at the foot of the ancient complex. Since the abandonment of the great halls, Belizor knew, many scavengers sought shelter in these ruins over the centuries. But these corpses were freshly slain.

"But what killed them?" Belizor continued, trying to keep his patience in the face of the

elf's obstinacy. There was simply no point in raising his voice to Lyrian he had learned. "Was it, say, other bandits? Or was it the undead that did this? I can see barricades built here, and these people clearly did not die of natural causes. I feel this is an important distinction, considering…"

Lyrian raised a hand sharply for silence and Belizor instantly fell quiet. The sound of a pounding hammer continued in the background.

"Rockfist! Cease your damnable smashing!" Lyrian swore at him.

Rockfist begrudgingly slowed and stopped, regarding Lyrian with a sullen glare.

Belizor couldn't hear anything but he had learned to trust the elf's instincts by now. They waited together for several minutes.

"Something is ahead" muttered Lyrian eventually.

"Something," said Belizor. "That's brilliant. Thank you. Something. Where would we be without your insights?" He could never decide if the elf was able to recognize sarcasm or not, but he tried anyway.

By local accounts, though the cavern had been constantly occupied its residents had seldom ventured far inside for fear of its cursed reputation and bewildering internal labyrinths. Any noise coming from the deep was surely not a good noise.

Undead Zombie Regiment by Giuseppe Aquino

"Rockfist," whispered Belizor. "Get up here."

Rockfist approached, crunching bones and clattering rusted weapons with his clumsy feet. Lyrian and Belizor shared a frustrated look.

"There's something coming, Rockfist, from up the stairs," Belizor told him quietly.

Rockfist gripped his weapon tightly, feeling the thrill of anticipation for battle and breathing hard.
A tingle of dread crept up Belizor's spine as he peered up into the shadows at the top of the carved stonework, a dancing orange glow filling their walls from the silent flicker of his flame. Had they alerted some secret trap, he feared, even now sending the forces of the enemy surging out to greet them? He let a spark of electricity play between his fingers in anxiety.

The silence continued. "I think," said Lyrian slowly, "that we should climb the stairs."

****

Several weeks earlier…

Belizor collapsed back on the wooden bench next to Lyrian and sighed in weary exhaustion. "How many more to go?" he asked the elf as his picked up his flagon of mead and drained a significant quantity.

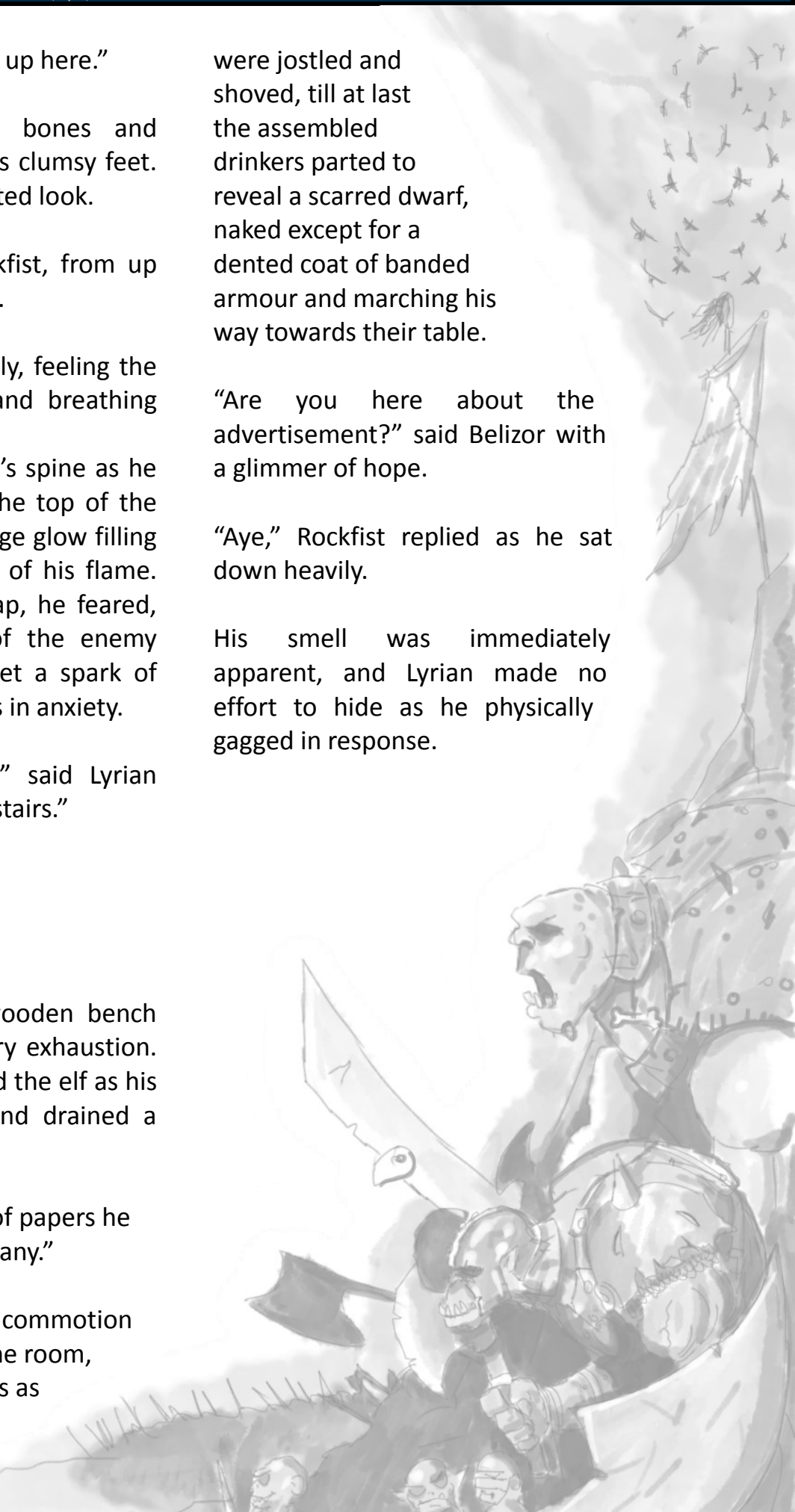
Lyrian calmly appraised the stack of papers he had brought to the tavern. "Not many."

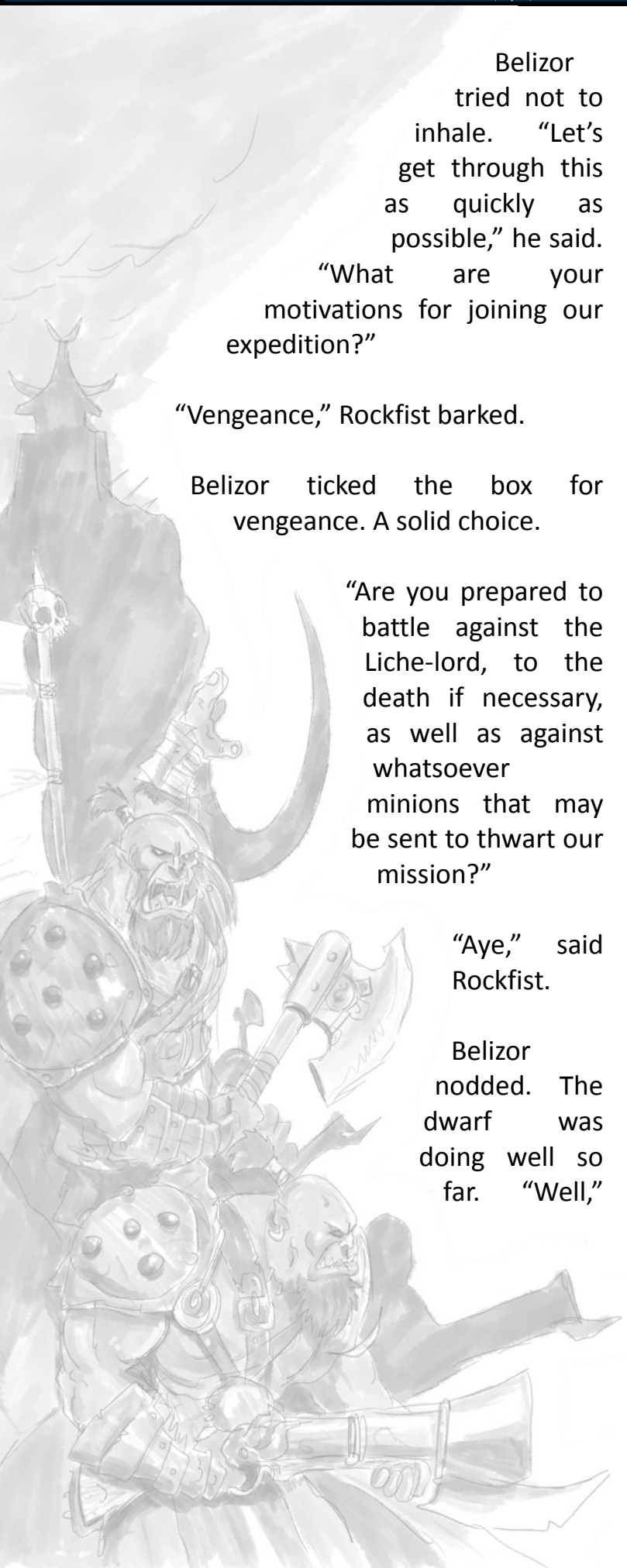
They suddenly became aware of a commotion develop across the other side of the room, and the displeasure of angry voices as something forced its way through the crowd. People were jostled and shoved, till at last the assembled drinkers parted to reveal a scarred dwarf, naked except for a dented coat of banded armour and marching his way towards their table.

"Are you here about the advertisement?" said Belizor with a glimmer of hope.

"Aye," Rockfist replied as he sat down heavily.

His smell was immediately apparent, and Lyrian made no effort to hide as he physically gagged in response.





Belizor tried not to inhale. "Let's get through this as quickly as possible," he said. "What are your motivations for joining our expedition?"

"Vengeance," Rockfist barked.

Belizor ticked the box for vengeance. A solid choice.

"Are you prepared to battle against the Liche-lord, to the death if necessary, as well as against whatsoever minions that may be sent to thwart our mission?"

"Aye," said Rockfist.

Belizor nodded. The dwarf was doing well so far. "Well," said Belizor, "I was going to ask if you had any skills relevant to navigating a dwarven hold, but I suppose we all know the answer to that one…"

There was an awkward silence

"Not all dwarves…" Lyrian whispered to him.

"Oh. Well… do you?" Belizor asked.

"Aye."

"Excellent. And I see you've brought your own weapons and armour with you, even to the interview. Can I ask how we can get in contact with you, mister…?"

"Rockfist!" the dwarf rumbled. "You can find me alone, at the darkest depths of the deepest mine in these lands."

"…Alright then. Thanks for your time."

After he had gone, Belizor asked Lyrian, "What do you make of him?"

"I think he's insane," Lyrian responded curtly.

"You know Lyrian, given what we're up against I think that could definitely be an advantage."

****

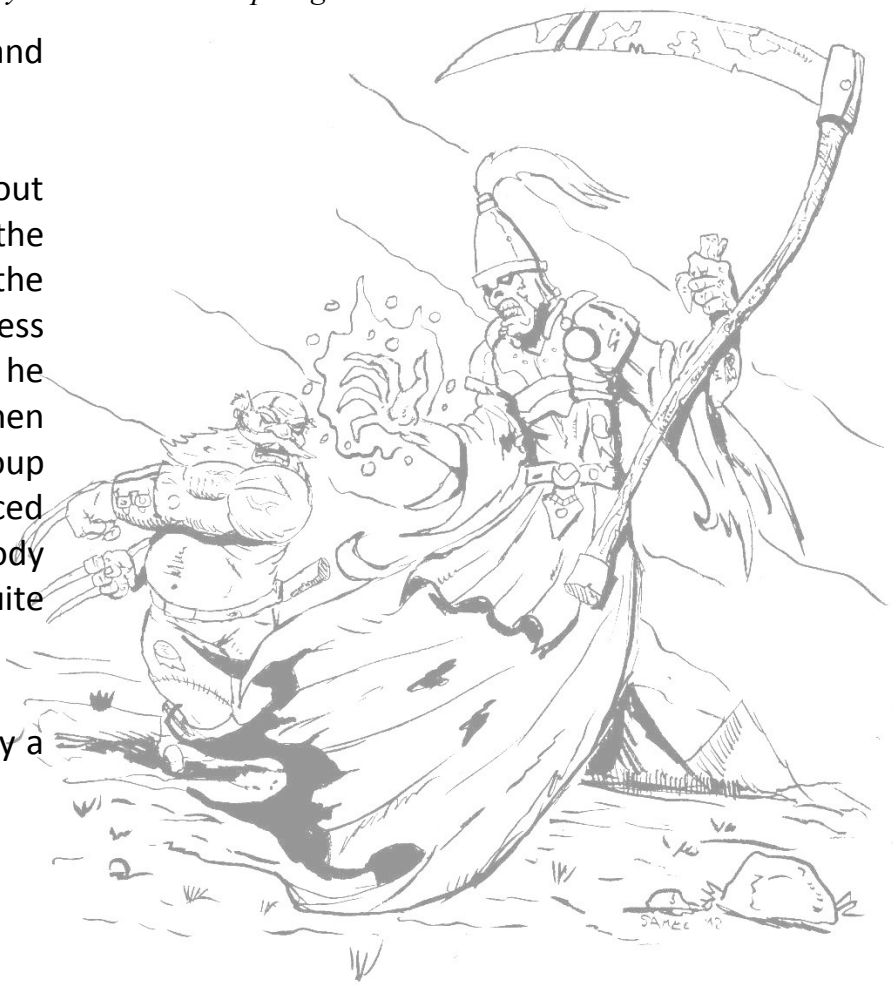
As they crept up the worn stone surface step by step, traces of light from Belizor's torch began to gradually illuminate through into the halls beyond. A gibbering, maniacal laughter erupted from inside and they froze in their tracks. Lyrian drew his sword in a flicker of steel as a man charged out of the darkness towards

Undead army by Christian Schlumpberger

them, a great bushy beard covering his face and his clothes dirty and ragged.

"Run, you fools!" the man howled. "Get out while you can! These chambers belong to the damned! I've seen such things… I've seen the dead Lord, coming for his prize within! Darkness shall pour out across all the world…" he scratched at his foaming mouth, and then hurled himself down the stairs. The group parted aside as the bedraggled man bounced past them, till eventually he landed in a bloody pile at the foot of the great staircase, quite dead.

"Well," said Belizor "I suppose that's probably a negative sign."▪



The Rear Guard in Terger Forest

A Battle Report by Jason Flint

Let's set the scene.

After their army suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Altermeri Elves, the surviving Men of Lancastorn fled into the forests in an attempt to regroup. Knowing the Men still numbered many despite their nobility being killed, the Elves sent a force in pursuit, hoping that the threat of battle would keep the Men from rallying, and eventually the winter's cold would claim them.

However the Elves were in for a shock, despite their poor supplies and empty handguns, the leaderless men rallied and turned upon their pursuers. This is the battle that followed.

So lifelong gaming buddy Dean and I decided to play a small game of Kings of War, and while we were at it we tested the hint of new rules that is coming later in the year. This is available as a "cheat sheet" on Mantic Forums. We agreed on

1,600 points and choose the snow board at the gaming club Carterton and West Oxon Wargamers. After scattering a few hills and trees we set our armies up.

Dean's men consisted of Militia, lots of militia. These were represented by Handgunner models, which had unfortunately used all their gunpowder and passed whatever was spare to the Cannon crew. Backing up this feeble force were some lightly armoured semi-professional soldiers, in the form of Billmen and Pike regiments. A couple of regiments of mounted Sergeants gave them some speed and four artillery pieces added some firepower. Finally, a couple of standard bearers and wizards made up the command element.

My own Elves would be a usual mix, Spears, each backed up with a Scout troop. Palace Guard troops and a Regiment gave me some hard hitting infantry, while a regiment of Stormwind gave me something fast and hard

hitting. Finally this was backed up by two Bolt Throwers, a couple of mages and a standard bearer.

To Battle!

The freezing winter air bit deeply into their bare hands as they gripped their weapons and searched for the approaching army, somewhere in the trees. Their pouches of gunpowder were empty; they had no supplies and were being out run by a faster moving foe. And now this is where they would stand, they would simply club their foe to death if nothing else. A great cry went up as silhouettes appeared in the trees, followed by a mighty roar as the desperate Men charged forward, holding their clubs and knives above their heads as they charged into their merciless pursuers.

The Elves set up a refused flank on their left, placing their bolt throwers in the trees and hiding their reserve Palace Guard. The stormwind were placed far out on the right behind a hill where they had room to move. The men stacked up the infantry across their right and centre, putting the Militia up front and their second wave of Bill and Pike just behind. They countered the Elves cavalry by deploying their Sergeants opposite.

The dice declared the Men had the first turn and Dean started by ordering his Men forward at the double: There was no need to waste time when Elven Scouts were already in range! His Artillery failed to hit anything (The snow making fuses hard to light no doubt) but his mages inflicted minor damage. The Elves responded by firing all their Scouts into the centre Militia horde, inflicting enough damage to cause the survivors to flee from such an onslaught! A well placed shot from a Mage also managed to waver the Sergeants bearing down on the Elven Cavalry.

The Men wasted no time and charged their Militia into the Scouts who had taken up position on the hill. The rest of the army continued forward determined to close the gap. This time the Artillery found its mark, hitting and panicking a troop of Scouts and landing a

second hit on a Spear unit. One of the Elves Bolt Throwers fell victim to the Men's spell casters.

The Militia failed to run down the Scouts but caused a panic none the less. Now the Elves responded, abandoning their lines and charging into the Militia. Spears and Glaive wielding Palace Guard connecting. Sneaking up alongside this charge a Mage closed in on the Men's reserve, Pikes. The Stormwind, now in range of the Sergeants, charged in, hoping to break the unit up so they could push through the Men's line.

The Elves shooting had thinned, but the Mage attacked the Pikes with a Fireball, inflicting so much damage the unit wavered. However, the second Mage failed in his attempt to panic the Sergeants on the Stormwinds flank. The counter charge against the Militia broke through and they scattered, leaving the Elves to reform their line. However, the Stormwind failed to even waver the Sergeants: Their charge proving to be very undramatic!

Everything was kicking off now, and Men continued their push on the Elven lines. The

trapped Stormwind suffered a charge to their front and both flanks, surrounded and outnumbered. More Militia connected with the Elven line in the centre, hitting a troop of Scouts who had been firing on them.

The unhindered Artillery continued its bombardment, hitting a Palace Guard troop which wavered from such a hit. Scouts too wavered under the bombardment, as well as the Scouts who had been charged by the Militia. The Stormwind cavalry were unceremoniously unhorsed, and the Men reformed to face the Elven centre. The Elves had suffered under such a rapid attack by the Men but were not giving up on routing their foe.

A Spear unit ran in front of the wavering Scouts and Palace Guard to protect them from the approaching Pike unit. The reformed left flank charged into an approaching Pike unit while the Mage lined up another fireball at the damaged Pike unit, finally destroying the unit with a well-placed hit. A Spear unit charged in past the wavered Scouts in the centre and connected

with the Militia. The surviving Bolt Thrower managed to destroy one of the Mortars that had been causing the Elves to waver so much. They also committed their reserve Palace Guard into the fray, hoping to delay the second wave of Billmen. The fight against the Pike on their left flank proved decisive and they broke. The Men's right flank suddenly appeared empty.

The Men had suffered badly on the right flank but still had their left flank to push into the fight. The Sergeants surged into position to threaten the Elven centre. The Militia counter charged through the wood to push into the Spears that had attacked them. The Billmen, unhindered by the Palace Guards charge, charged back into them. The Pikes also charged

into the Spear unit protecting the Scouts on the Elves left.

The last Elven Bolt Thrower collapsed under a barrage of fire and the Billmen effortlessly cut down the elite Elven warriors. It appeared the Men were desperate to survive this. With the Elves now struggling to stop the advance, they charged all they could to try break some units. The Palace Guard regiment charged the Billmen coming over the hill but failed to break the unit up. The Spears and Scouts continue to try push back the horde of Militia but the weight of numbers proved too much, while the Elves left flank managed to break a Pike unit attacking them, and panic the surviving Pikemen fighting the Spears. The Elven Mage attempted to damage the winded Sergeants as they moved over the hill, hoping to waver them, however he failed to land a single hit.

The Men gave their final push to break the Elves up and escape their pursuers. The Sergeants charged down the

hill and connected with the Elven centre, and the Billmen charged back into the Elven elite, shaming them by routing them completely. As their gunpowder ran dry, the Artillery made their final shots, hitting the victorious Elven left and causing the survivors to give up on the battle and flee. The Elven centre all but collapsed. As the army fell apart, the Elven mages made their final shots and the Spears broke the Pike unit, but it was too late. The stricken Men had destroyed the Elven army that ventured too far into Terger Forest!

What a game! The Elves gave a good fight on the left flank, their bows proving effective against the unarmored Men and their charge breaking all before them, until their units damage added up and a couple of well-placed shots scattered them. The Stormwind cavalry were an utter disaster, failing to break their supposed lesser before being dragged from their mounts by commoners with Bill hooks! Despite lacking any professional soldiers the Men score a solid victory!

We enjoyed the changes to the game, counter charge proving useful for prolonged fights in difficult terrain. Shooting is now more deadly, especially from the Elves and the artillery rules made the damage more consistent but reduced the overall damage possibility. We recommend you try them out. We also recommend adding a little story to your games, as even a tiny amount can add to how the game feels.

Happy gaming!▪

Tutorial: How To Paint DreadBall Xtreme Convicts

By Peter Harrison

Don your orange jumpsuit and check that explosive collar is still just that bit too tight because in this tutorial I will be showing you how to paint the convicts from Dreadball Xtreme.

Making use of the Army Painters war paints, we have a step by step guide for achieving a look similar to those painted by the Mantic studio. In addition to the written guide we have also created a video that takes you through the steps from basecoat to finished miniature.

Paints Required

Below you can find the list of Army Painter paints required along with their Citadel equivalent. The colors aren't an exact match but they are close enough.

- Lava Orange / Jakaero Orange
- Monster Brown / Baneblade Brown
- Desert Yellow / Tau Light Ochre
- Skeleton Bone / Ushabti Bone
- Uniform Grey / Dawnstone
- Ash Grey / Administratum Grey
- Matt White / White Scar
- Matt Black / Abaddon Black
- Dark Tone Ink / Nuln Oil
- Soft Tone Ink / Seraphim Sepia
- Strong Tone Ink / Agrax Earthshade
- Red Ink / Carroburg Crimson

Priming

Basecoat: Ash Grey

I primed my miniature using Ash Grey as it would provide a good base of color in which to add the lighter colors to. I applied this basecoat with an airbrush: However, if you don't have access to an airbrush you could use the Uniform Grey or Matt White Spray Primers. Alternatively, you could prime the miniature by painting on Ash Grey with a brush, but this will be time consuming and not provide an even coat

Prison Jump Suit

- **Basecoat:** Jumpsuit Orange / Lava Orange
- **Wash:** Red Ink

Highlight: Jumpsuit Orange & Skeleton Bone 50/50 mix.

The convicts trousers can be painted with Jumpsuit Orange which is a part of the Army Painters Zombicide War Paints. Alternatively you could use Lava Orange but Jumpsuit Orange will give you a color similar to that seen on the example convicts. This should then be followed with a Red Ink wash to provide some definition. Finally a highlight should be applied to the raised edges of the trousers. The highlight I used was a 50/50 mix of Jumpsuit Orange and Skeleton Bone.

Armor + Glaive

- **Basecoat:** Uniform Grey
- **Wash:** Dark Tone
- **Highlight**: Wolf Grey

Highlight: Wolf Grey + Matt White 50/50 mix

The first step of painting the armor is to basecoat it with Uniform Grey: This will give it a darker base color once the next step, a Dark Tone Ink wash, is applied. With the basecoat and wash completed the first highlight can be done with Wolf Grey. This should be thinly applied along the edges of the armor and glaive. The final step for the armor is an extreme highlight of Wolf Grey and Matt White mixed in 50/50 quantities. This highlight should only be applied to the upper edges of the armor or on the corners.

Vest

•**Basecoat:** Wolf Grey + Matt White 50/50 mix
Layer: Matt White

To start with, paint the vest in the 50/50 mix of Wolf Grey + Matt White (You could use the same batch from the previous step). Finally a layer of Matt White should be applied. It is advised that several thin layers be applied as this will provide a much smoother finish.

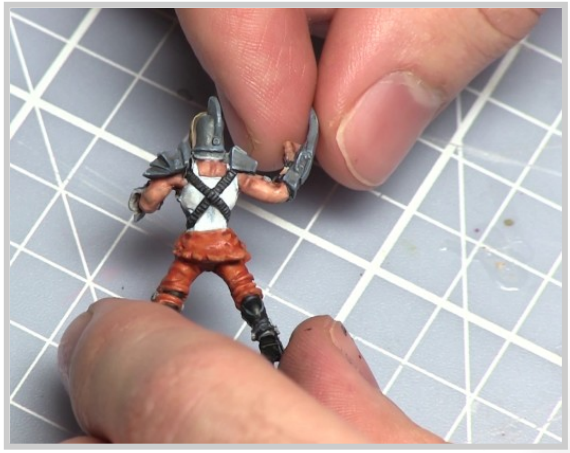
Skin

•**Basecoat:** Barbarian Flesh
•**Wash:** Red Ink + Soft Tone Ink 50/50 mix
Highlight: Barbarian Flesh

The basecoat of Barbarian Flesh should cover quite nicely over the lighter tone of the Ash Grey primer, however you may still need a couple of thin coats to achieve the best finish. The next step is to apply a 'flesh wash' which consists of a 50/50 mix of Red Tone Ink and Strong Tone Quick-shade Ink. Once the wash has dried it is then time to for a final layer of Barbarian Flesh, you could also mix in a little Skeleton Bone in order to lighten the flesh color slightly.

Straps + Boots

•**Basecoat:** Matt Black
Highlight: Uniform Grey



When basecoating the armor straps, boots and belt with Matte

Black take care not to over spill onto other already painted areas of the model. With the first layer completed you can the apply a highlight of Uniform Grey, paying particular attention to the laces and panels on the boots.

Face Mask

•**Basecoat:** Monster Brown
•**Wash:** Strong Tone Wash
Highlight: Desert Yellow

The first step to painting the face mask on the helmet is to basecoat it with Monster Brown. This should then be followed by a Dark Tone wash: Make sure that the wash gets into all of the holes on the mask. The final step is to highlight the edges of the mask with Desert Yellow

Summary

While this tutorial focused on just a Con (Jack), these steps could also be followed for any of the convict players. If you enjoyed this DreadBall tutorial let us know in the comments, along with any other DreadBall teams you would like to see a tutorial for.▪

Dreadball Zz'or design by Geoff Burbidge

STRIDER ARMORY

By Raymond Mercer

These are a set of options that our local group has used when playing Mechzone (As seen in Issue 31). You can purchase these in the same way as for other items and upgrades.

Note that to use several of these upgrades, you may need to agree on a starting point value more than the basic 30.

Forgefather Iron Ancestor by "Daedle"

Riding Handles
Allows two Size-1 models to ride on the back of the Mech. If the pilot of this Mech agrees, those models starting in it's cube can move with this Mech as a Free action when it moves cubes for any reason.
8 points

Shoulder Mounted Rocket Pods
Range 12, AP3, Single Shot, Shockwave, One Use
12 points

Unstable Generator
When this Mech is destroyed, the cube the Mech was in and each adjacent Cube count as if targeted by a Mech Bomb (This includes your pilot for this Mech, who will need to check to see if they survive the blast on a 5+)
8 points

Relay Beacon
(Cannot be used with the Escape Bike Upgrade)
You begin the game with your Pilot placed on the map, and your Mech off the board. At any point during the game, you may mark any cube your pilot has LOS to. At the start of your next turn, all models in the marked cube are affected as if by a Mech Bombs. Your Mech is placed in that cube (Move enemy Mechs if needed to adjacent cubes), and is Empty. Empty mechs cannot be given any Actions, and can be targeted and destroyed as normal. If your Pilot enters the same square as your Empty Mech, your Mech no longer counts as Empty, and you remove the Pilot model from the board.
5 points

Onboard Target Reticule
+1 to rolls to hit with ranged weapons
8 points

Reb Strider by Nicodemus Sandberg

Reticulated Spline-Thrusters
Allows the strider to move as If it has Jet Pack
15 points

Overclocked Generator
Your Mech may reroll any number of dice each turn, but for each 1 rolled, your Mech takes 1 damage.
6 points

Rifle Bayonet
(Corp Strider Only)
Range F, AP 2
8 points

Biomatter Integration
(Plague Strider Only)
Roll a die at the start of the game: On a 5+, you may assign a Mutation to the Mech.
3 points

Shroom Juice
(Stuntbot Only)
Once per game, reroll all the dice used for a Fight, Shoot, or Blaze Away action with this Mech
6 points

EMP Gauntlet
(Rebel Strider Only)
Range F, For each success in Fight actions with this weapon roll a die: On a roll of 8, the enemy Mech must take 1 less Short and Long Action on their next turn.
6 points

Getaway Bike
(Iron Ancestor Only)
When this Mech is destroyed, instead of placing a Forge Father Pilot model, instead place and use a Valkyr model and corresponding statline. Note that the Valkyr model does not retain the Pilot's base Mech Bomb, and if the Valkyr is destroyed you do not place a Forge Father Pilot.
7 points▪

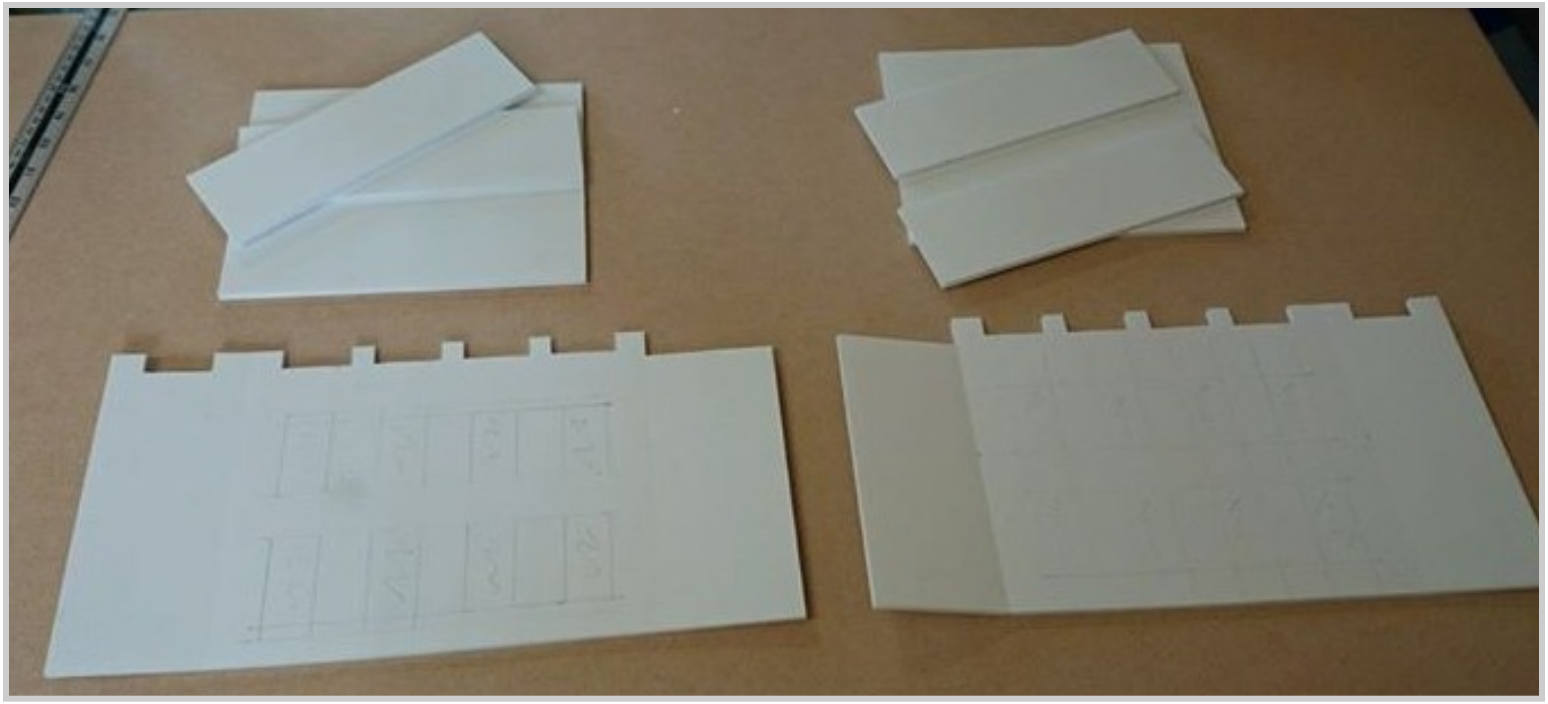
BUILDING IT UP FOR THOSE DAMN MARTIANS TO PULL IT DOWN!

The Mars Attacks Adepticon White House project.

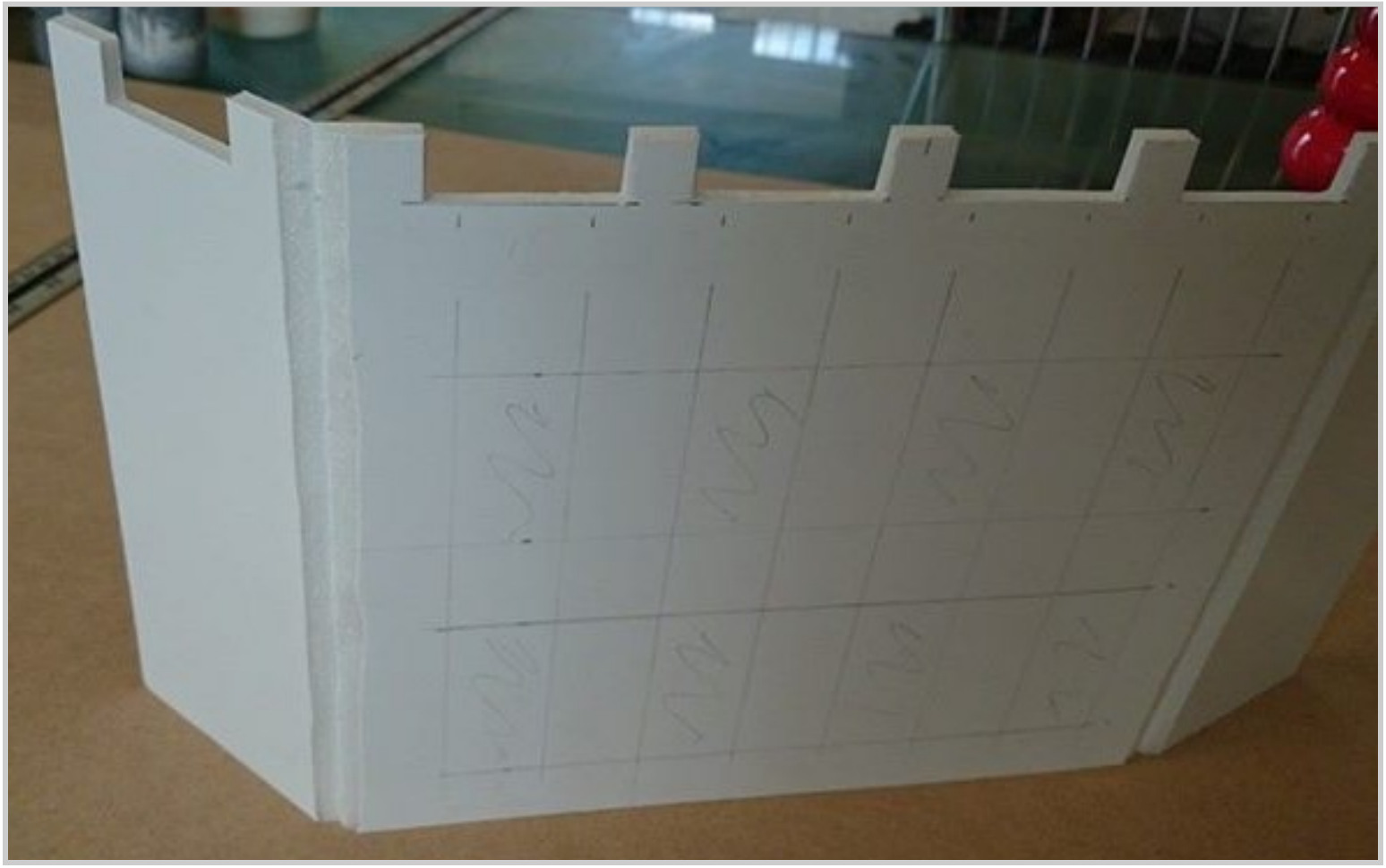
By "The Terrain Tutor"

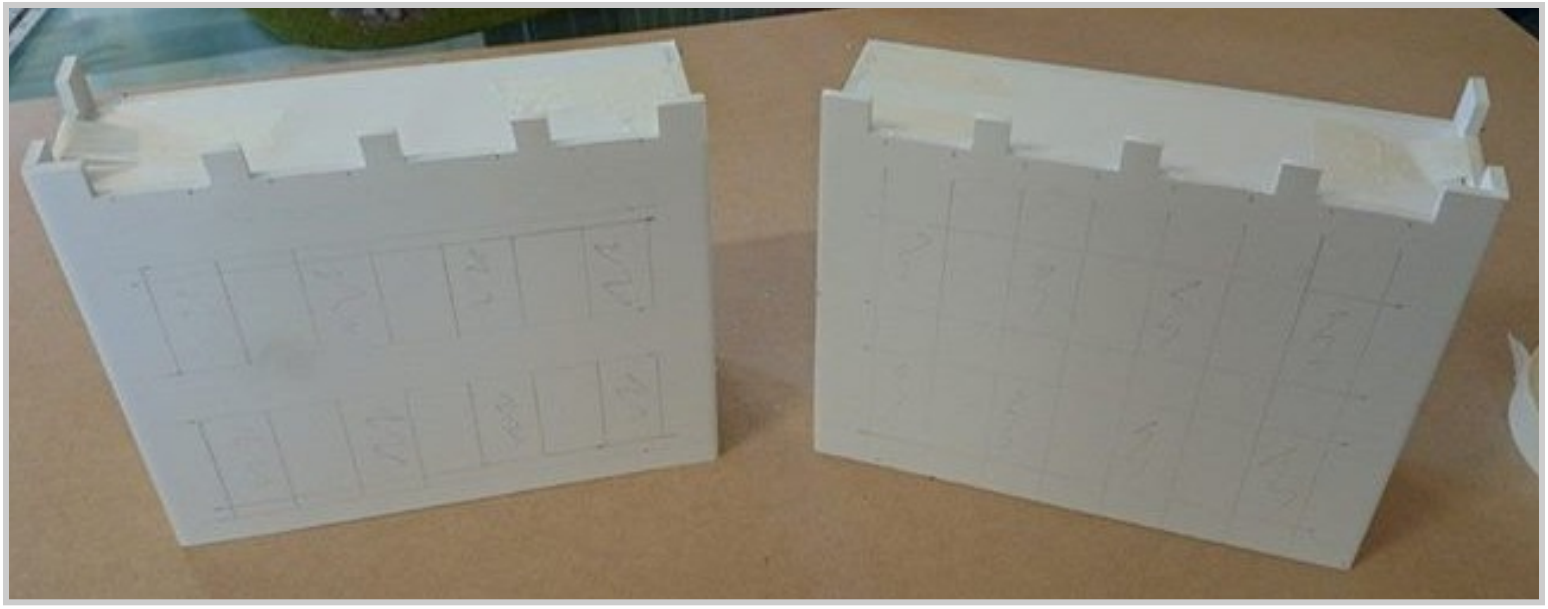
It all started with a short simple late night Facebook message from Ronnie … "Mel, ring me tomorrow, I've had an idea!"

Ronnie had a vision, a vision of Mars Attacks Martians ripping the White House apart on a display board on Mantic's stand at Adepticon. So after a few discussions, we managed to convert his grand vision into a more practical build.



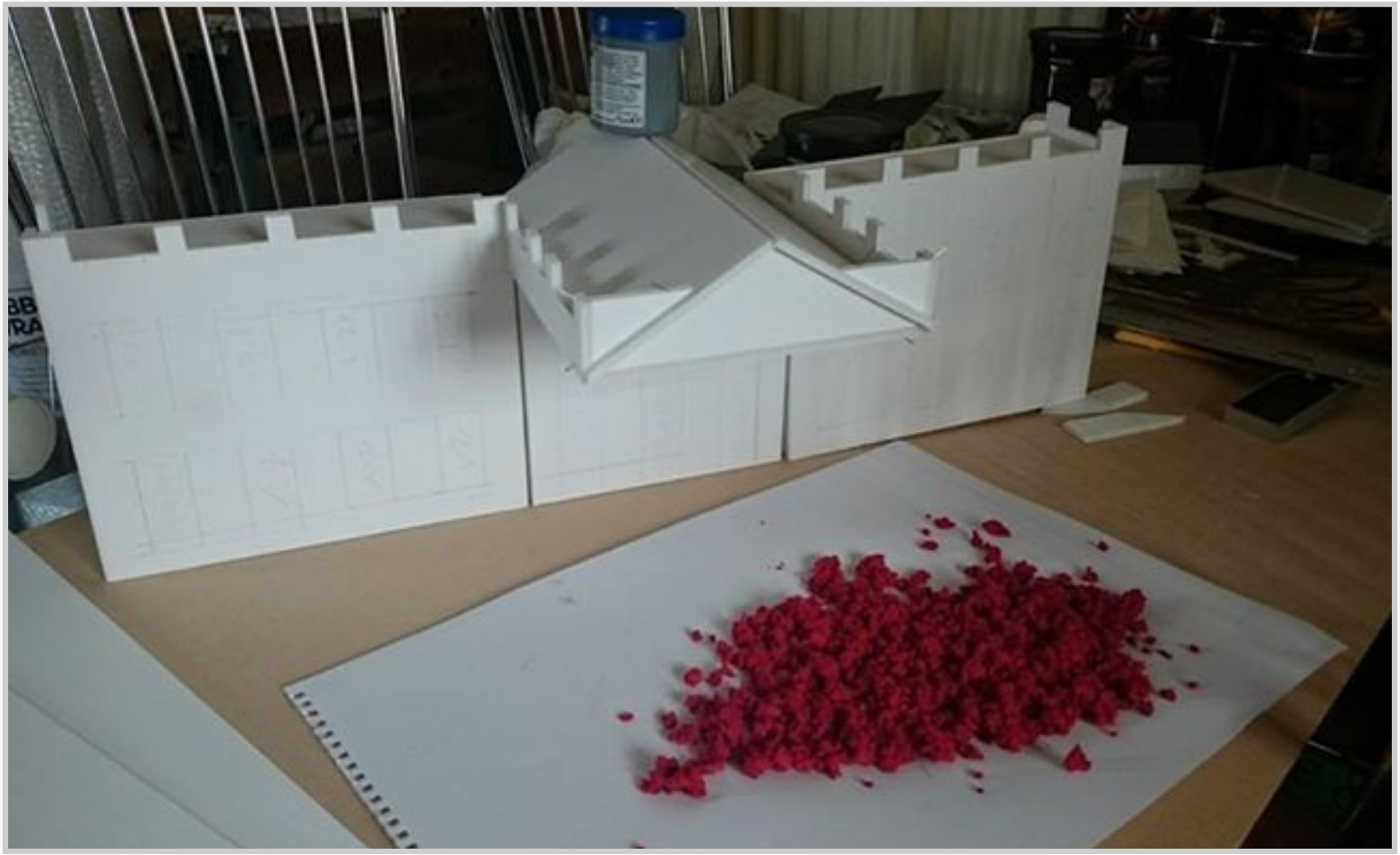
Building a true scale model of the White House was out, at 28mm it'd be three and a half foot wide, three foot deep and taller than the reach of a Martian robot! So we settled on just building the North facing with the columned portico and we reduced the scale just enough to be grand enough but small enough to work with the table and the models. In the end, it was almost three foot wide, a foot deep and eleven inches high.





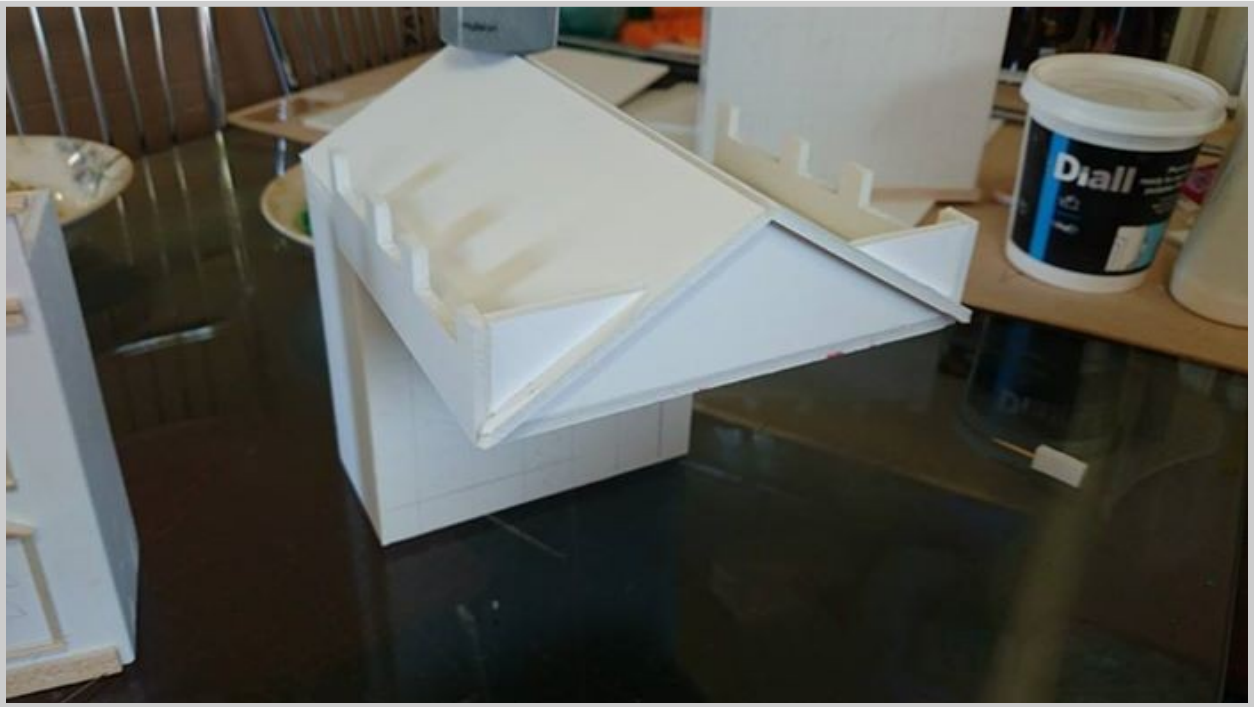
It had to be built so it could be shipped easily across the pond for Adepticon, so it had to be modular and light. Ronnie also didn't want too much time spent on the project, twenty hours to be precise, which meant we were looking at a symbolic build rather an architectural build. Armed with that information, I started my in-depth research, or beer and browsing as my wife prefers to call it.

Armed with the facts, it was time to tackle the build itself. I split the White House into three modular elements, an east and west wing and the central part with the portico. Each element



was essentially a box built out of 5mm foamboard, with the wings being just boxes with railings extending upwards on two sides. The central piece posed more of a challenge with it incorporating the columned portico, an angled roof and the triangular front facade at the top of the columns. But with a little maths and a bit of dry fitting, it was all pinned up and glued.

The next challenge was to start adding the detail, which meant the roof railings, fascias and



windows etc. The railing balustrades were simply cocktail sticks pushed into the foamboard edging and the rest were lots of little pieces of balsa wood, well over two hundred, all glued and pinned into place guided by pre-drawn pencil lines. I used lots of different thicknesses of balsa to create a multilevel front to the elements, it's a technique called design-in-depth which is used to break up large flat areas, creating interest and shadow.

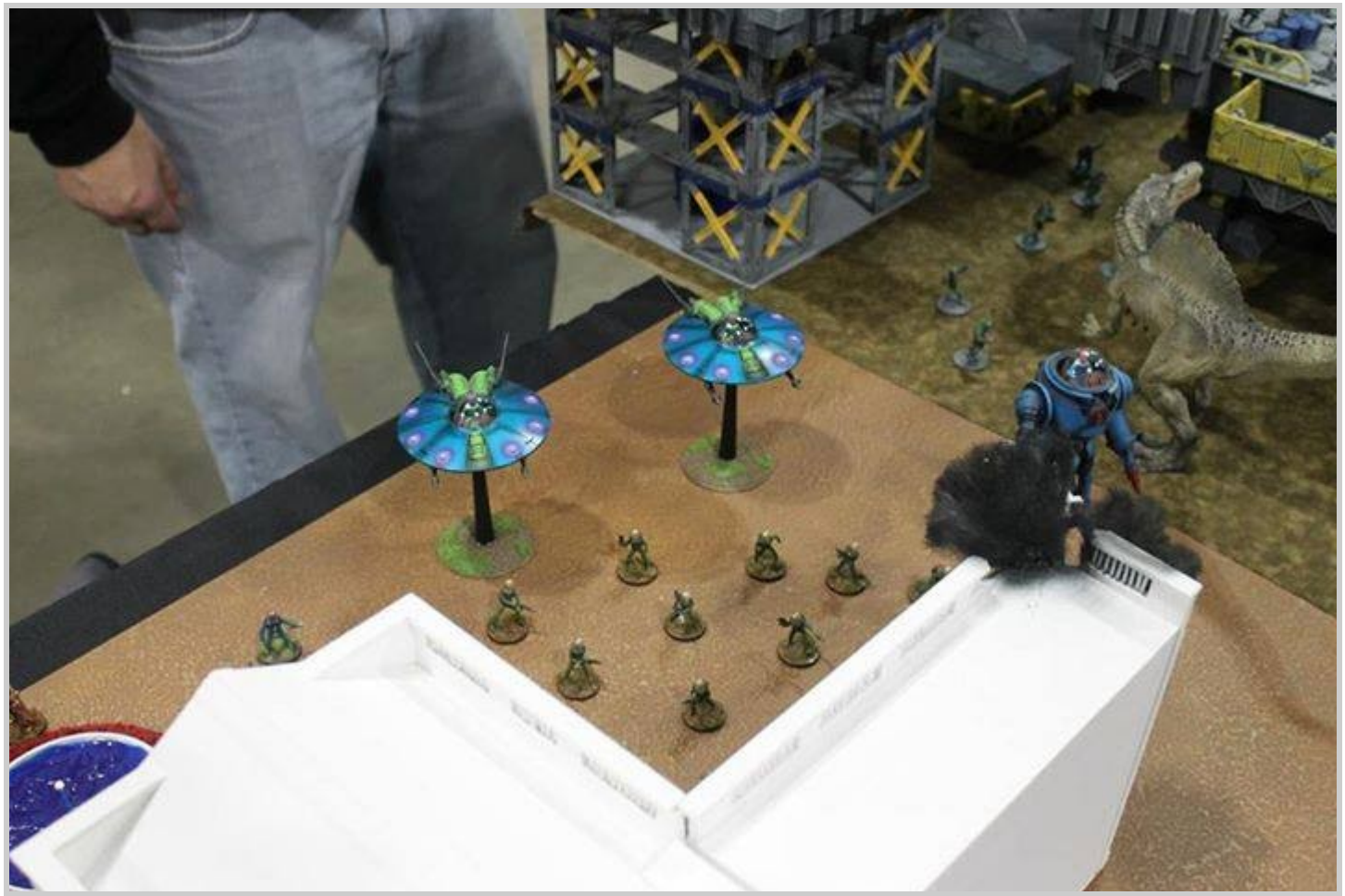
The actual White House's architectural elements would have been much flatter at scale and we'd would have ended up with a couple of white boxes!

The base of the central element and the portico's columns had to be assembled and painted separately as the columns which were made from wooden doweling formed a cage around the front of the foamboard box. Together with the main element, they'd have stopped the painter from being able to paint the center elements windows and the famous glass door, so putting them together had to be done after they were painted.

The final act of construction was destruction! Ronnie wanted a corner ripped away by a

Martian robot, with smoke billowing out. Discussions were had over which corner and it was quickly decided it'd be the east wing, as that was the President's bedroom. The west wing houses the Queen's bedroom and we just couldn't trash that. The corner was roughly cut out with a coping saw, and copious amounts of hot glue was used to secure the wire wool smoke.

My good friend Dave Smith(on youtube) who'd joined me for the weekend to paint the robot but got roped into painting the whole thing while I tweaked things, based and added foliage. It was a very long weekend of building and painting, but we did it and had a blast doing it.▪



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